

chief who reported the outrage to Captain Haddock came from the locality of the massacre. Other natives had heard of it, and the news had been received at Rubiana. The victims of this massacre—James McIntosh and Peter Gaffney—were well known and much respected in shipping circles in Sydney. The former was once fourth mate on board the mail steamship "Australia," and leaves a widow and child in this city. Mr. Gaffney was a single man, aged 22, and he has several relatives in Sydney.

No. 5.

[Extract from *Sydney Morning Herald*, 30th September, 1880.]

MASSACRE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE Rev. George Brown, of Port Hunter, Duke of York Island, furnishes the following particulars of an attack on the trading steamer "Ripple," in which Captain A. M. Ferguson and five of his native crew were murdered by the natives of Bougainville Island, in the Solomon Group, on the 9th September:—

"Captain Ferguson left Port Wesley (Mesko) in this group, at midnight, 18th July, for his regular cruise in the Solomons. As he intended to call at Metlik (Likiliki) on his way down channel, I availed myself of his kind offer to tow my whaleboat as far as the settlement at Metlik (Likiliki); so that I was able to visit the colonists, and also our mission stations on New Ireland, with comparative ease. We arrived at Metlik on the 9th, and found the colonists still in great distress, and very anxious to be removed. Captain McLaughlin and Captain Ferguson, I believe, made some arrangements for their removal, and as Captain McLaughlin and I said good-bye to our old friend, as the 'Ripple' was steaming out, we received again his assurance to tell the poor fellows on shore that in three weeks' time he would be back again and would take them all to Sydney. It was in hastening back to fulfil his promise that he was killed. The 'Ripple' arrived off Port Hunter at 1 p.m. on Thursday last, 12th instant, and we were at once in joyous expectation of seeing again our old friend, and of receiving our letters from home. As she steamed into port we saw her flag at half-mast, but we thought that she was probably bringing up some of the colonists who had died, as we left one or two very unwell. I sent a note down, but the chief soon came running back crying bitterly, 'O, Mr. Brown, Alick! Alick!' the name by which he is known here. He would say no more, but just sat and cried. I got the mate's note, and at once hurried on board. I shall never forget that day. The mate and men could not speak, but just led me into the cabin and pointed to the blood-stained sides and roof, and to the cuts made by the tomahawks, and then we all wept together. Then, by degrees, we heard the story. The 'Ripple' called at a place near Cape de Gros, on the east side of Bougainville Island, on her way up here. Captain Ferguson had never been in that place before. On the 8th they bought several bags of bêche-de-mer and shells, and found the natives all friendly and apparently quiet. On the 9th they commenced trading again early in the morning. At 8.30 a.m. a large fleet of canoes came off with bêche-de-mer and shells, and the mate computes that altogether there were about 300 natives in and around the ship. At about 8.45 a.m. the attack commenced. It is supposed that Captain Ferguson was in his cabin looking out on the deck when he was struck down by a blow across the side of the head. The man who struck him must have been hiding by the side of the door, as the blow was a left-handed one, and the tomahawk in descending cut a deep mark on the upper side of the doorway. The steward was down the after hold, engaged in handing up some stores by the captain's orders. He heard the captain call out, 'I'm killed!' and immediately received himself a dreadful wound in the neck from a tomahawk. He fell back, but recovered, and, with his revolver, shot the two men who were standing over the hatchway, one of whom, it is pretty certain, was the man who struck down the captain. The mate, who was on the main hatch, was struck by a tomahawk, fell, and received several severe cuts when down, but his assailant was engaged by one of the native crew, and he soon recovered consciousness and helped in the fight. The engineer, Barnard Watt (Barney), first fell; the blood and brains of a poor native lad, who was at the wheel, spattered in his face, and then was fired the first shot. He was protected by the boat, and so was able to fire until his ammunition was out. He then went to the cabin for more, and there found Captain Ferguson quite dead on the floor, and a native woman, who was a passenger, also dead. The natives fought hard, and when driven off the ship's deck still kept up the fight from their canoes, discharging arrows from a comparatively short distance. This fight, however, was too unequal to last long, and, as the bullets from the rifles began to tell, they gave up the attack and pulled away for the shore. It was then found that four were killed, viz., Captain Ferguson, a native woman, and two natives, one of whom was taken away by the natives. The mate (Mr. Davis), the engineer, Mr. W. Pense (a passenger), and five of the crew were wounded, some of them very severely. Steam was got up, and at half-past 10 a.m. the vessel was steamed through the passage, and stood away for Duke of York. All seem to have done their best to save their lives and the ship. The steward (a Japanese) is praised by all for his bravery; though wounded in the most dreadful manner in several places, he fought until the ship was clear and the natives driven away, when he fainted from loss of blood; and now the poor fellow wins the respect and love of us all by his care of the poor men who are fellow-sufferers with him. As soon as I got the account of the affair we got the wounded men on shore, and I then sent away my boat to New Britain to inform Mr. Stevens, one of Messrs. Cowlshaw Brothers' agents, of the affair. I also sent a note to Captain Izar, H.M.S. 'Conflict,' and he at once came on board with Captain Hemsheim, and kindly offered us all the help he could give us in attending to the wounded men, or in any other way. All the poor men who were landed were dreadfully mutilated, and from the length of time which had elapsed the work of sewing up and dressing the wide-gaping wounds was made both very difficult and unpleasant. One poor fellow, who has no less than eight deep gashes, lingered until to-day (17th), when he died. Another one cannot possibly recover, I think, unless the leg is amputated, as his left leg is almost cut through at the knee. The white man, William Pense, has both arms broken, and received also some very severe wounds on the neck. The Japanese steward has, in addition to some smaller ones, a dreadful gash in the neck, which has laid open the whole of his neck from near the ear